

# Freemen's Champion.

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## The Freeman's Champion

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### "Seventy-Six."

Hark! the nation's shouts ascend;  
Hark! a thousand voices blend,  
From your thrones of glory bend,  
Sires of liberty;  
From each dark empyreal field,  
Where your blood our freedom sealed,  
Spirit tongues to day have pealed  
Freedom's jubilee!

Where the smoke of battle curl'd,  
Where the bolt of death was hurl'd,  
Ye our starry flag unfurl'd,  
Floating o'er the free,  
In the dark and trying time,  
Arming for your native clime,  
Stood in native might sublime,  
Many years ago!

Flashing sword and burning word,  
Foemen felt, by freemen heard,  
Plum'd our country's banner bird,  
Many years ago.

Patrol sires of trying days,  
While the world rounds your praise,  
Hear the songs your children raise,  
Songs of liberty!

### Fourth of July Ode.

Loud raise the peal of gladness!  
'Tis Freedom's natal day!  
Our land that once in sadness,  
Groan'd beneath a tyrant's sway,  
In liberty rejoices,  
Awe'd by no monarch's rod,  
Lift high our joyous voices,  
Aye, lift them up to God!

'Twas He whose wisdom guided  
The councils of our sires;  
He o'er our arms presided,  
And He the praise requires.  
We give to Thee the glory,  
Father, for all possessed,  
That gilds our country's story,  
That makes our country blest.

How rich the thought in pleasure,  
No despot can control;  
But richer far than treasure—  
The freedom of the soul!  
The yoke of Satan broken,  
Whom God's own son hath freed,  
His blood the price and token—  
They are the free, indeed!

### THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

AN INSTRUCTIVE STORY.

"Oh, how I wish we were rich!" said I to my wife, one day.

"My dear," she replied, "you must not be discontented, we have every comfort—what more can we desire?"

"Oh, there are a hundred things—a large house, a carriage, a fine library, and I know not what."

"It is a sin to fly in the face of God's providence," replied my wife. "Our house is plenty large enough for our small family, and as for a carriage we should have no use for it—and then we subscribe to the Mercantile Library. You can get any book you want from there. Believe me, my love, we have every reason to be satisfied with our lot, and instead of repining, ought to thank God for it."

And the dear little woman came over to me—put her arms around my neck—no, I made a mistake, she is too short for that—pulled my face down to hers and kissed me.

Dear reader, I must tell you that my name is Jonathan Clutterwell, and that I have the privilege of writing M. D. after my name, as a diploma from the University Medical College in New York, now hanging in my bed-room, amply testifies. I was born in Virginia, and of course belong to the F. F. V.'s; I hope you will make no mistake on this point. At the time I commence this history I had been living for upwards of four years in Madison street, in the city of Baltimore. I had scraped together a very fair practice, and, as my wife said, we had every comfort. But still I was not satisfied; there was Mr. B. kept his carriage, Professor C. had a large fine house, with ever so many servants, and Dr. D. had a very large library, while I could get all my books in a moderate size book-case. I wanted to jump to the top of the ladder at once—I did not like this waiting for fortune—it was altogether too slow, too tedious a process for me. The result of all was, I became discontented, cross, peevish. I was easily annoyed, and my natural good temper stood in great danger of being forever destroyed.

My wife, however, exercised a good deal of influence over me—

soothing my ruffled spirits and pouring balm upon the troubled waters. She was a dear, good girl. I don't believe it was possible for there to be another woman like her in the world. She was the epitome of goodness. She was—but why should I go on? Words cannot express half her good qualities. I must leave it to the reader's imagination to fill up the portrait. She also belonged to the F. F. V.'s. We had been brought up together from childhood, had always loved each other, and you might search all the United States through and you would not find a happier marriage than ours.

The conversation opening my story occurred on the 31st of December, 1856. We were undressed for bed, and had had a few friends to spend the evening with us. I had been beaten three games of chess, running, and that night, perhaps, have had something to do with increasing my discontent.

Well, as I before said, my wife came over and kissed me; this soothed my feelings a little, and without more grumbling I jumped into bed.

I dreamed—I hardly know what I dreamed that night—carriages, libraries, gold, silver, were all mixed up in a terrible confusion. At last I thought I was dead, and some one was nailing down my coffin.

"Rat-tat-tat."

Prespiration bursting out from every pore of my body.

"Rat-tat-tat."

Intense agony of your humble servant.

"Rat-tat-tat."

A fearful struggle, in which I knocked my wife over the eye with my elbow, fortunately not hurting her, but causing her to give me a kick, (of course she did not know what she was doing,) which awakened me.

It was broad daylight; and some one knocked at the bed-room door, which explained the comfortable sensation I had experienced of being nailed down in my coffin.

"Come in," I exclaimed.

The door opened, and Bridget made her appearance. (I should say that Bridget was a recent importation from the Emerald Isle, and was our maid of all work.) I assure you we have had hard work to train her. To give an idea how exceedingly verdant she was when she first came to us, we asked her, one hot, scorching day, to pour water on some ice; and did so, only the water was boiling.

"If you please, sir," said Bridget, "the mate's cooked, and breakfast is nearly ready."

(Bridget is from Cork, and her accent is rather broad.)

"All right, Bridget," I replied; "we will get up directly. Give me the 'Sun' paper."

Bridget did as I requested, and propped myself up in the bed and began to peruse it. The first thing that struck me, was that it was Thursday, the first of January, 1857. I had quite forgotten it was New Year's day. I determined I would turn over a new leaf, and endeavor to be more satisfied with my condition for the ensuing year. My eyes then ran down the list of advertised letters. I saw one for me, yes, there it was, Jonathan Clutterwell, M. D., right before my eyes. Now Clutterwell is not a very common name, to say nothing of the prefix, Jonathan. I immediately surmised that the letter must be for me. I set my wits to work thinking who it could be from.

"I have it," said I to myself; "it is from Aunt Margaret. She has sent us a handsome New Year's gift in the shape of a bank-bill, and not knowing my true address, has directed the letter simply to 'Baltimore.'"

I was convinced that my supposition was correct, that I could no longer restrain my impatience, but jumped up, hurried on my clothes, told Bridget to delay breakfast, threw myself into a Howard street stage, and in about a quarter of an hour found myself at the post-office window. In another minute the letter was in my hands.

I opened it, and, to my astonishment, read as follows:

Accomack C. H., Va.  
Dec. 24, 1856.

Dear Sir:—We regret to inform you of the demise of your respected aunt, Miss Margaret Clutterwell. By her will, now in our possession, you are appointed sole heir to her property, amounting in real estate and personal property, to \$10,000 per annum.

"Hoping to see you immediately, we remain,

Yours, very respectfully,

Fletcher & Co.

To Jonathan Clutterwell, Esq.,  
M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Poor Aunt Margaret was dead, then! In spite of the wealth she left me, I really felt sorry; she was such a kind, good old lady; but then, I recollected, we cannot expect to live forever, and eighty is, after all, a good age. I then thought of the wealth she had left, and the new comforts it would bring us—how high we could hold our heads! That we could get a carriage as handsome as Dr. B.'s, a house as fine as Dr. C.'s, and a library as large as Dr. D.'s.

By the time all these things had passed through my mind, I had again fallen into bed.

"Joy, joy, joy!" I exclaimed, as I opened the door—my wife was sitting at the breakfast table waiting for my return—"we are rich, we are independent."

"What do you mean, my dear?" You must be crazy," returned my wife.

In reply I threw her the letter. I could perceive the dear girl's eyes brighten as she read, for after all she was but human.

"Oh, how nice!" she exclaimed, when she had perused it. "Now, Jonathan dear, what shall we do?"

"Well," I returned, "I suppose in the first place, I must give up practice."

"Certainly, throw physic to the dogs," returned Jane. (My wife's name is Jane.) "We will then make a tour of the United States," I added.

"No, no," said Jane, "we will go at once to Paris."

"Paris!" I replied, "nonsense! I don't want to go and live on French kick-haws. We'll go to Niagara."

"I say no," returned my wife in a loud voice, at the same time stirring her coffee with so much energy that she threw the cup over, and broke it all to pieces. It was one of our best set too. "We will go to Paris."

"Paris is better," I replied; "it shall be Niagara."

"Paris!"

"I say Paris!"

"I say it shall be Niagara!"

I grew very angry, and with my last words, in my rage, kicked over the breakfast table, scattering the coffee cups, plates and everything else on the table in every direction, of course breaking them all.

When I saw the disorder I had occasioned, I became ashamed of myself. My poor little wife burst into tears.

It was the first quarrel we had ever had!

"Never mind, my darling," I exclaimed, approaching my wife and kissing her—"You shall have your way, we will go to Paris."

Jane smiled through her tears, returned my embraces, and we were good friends again.

I started the same day for Accomack C. H., and in a week was in full possession of my property. In three more days we were in New York, on the fourth on the Arago, and on the fifth out of sight of land.

I shall not attempt to describe the miseries of that voyage. The reader can realize it, when I tell him that I was sea-sick from the day we started to the day we landed! Othello I caused the sea, Paris, and our recent fortune! How heartily I wished I was back in good old Baltimore attending my patients! I begged, prayed, implored somebody to throw me overboard, but the savages only laughed at me. My wife, on the other hand, was not sick at all, but seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly, while I lay rocking in my berth. I could hear her laughing and joking with the rest of the passengers. The sound was hateful to me, and I upbraided her very much with it. She retorted; high words ensued, and we had another quarrel. It was some time before we made this one up.

This quarrel was succeeded by others; in fact they became now of almost daily occurrence; and I plainly saw we were growing to hate each other.

We landed at Havre at last. After we had been on shore a few hours, I began to feel better and could look around me. The first thing I noticed was a Frenchman, paying, as I thought, a great deal too much attention to my wife.

I scowled at him.

He advanced to me with the most pleasant air in the world, and said: "Monsieur has been very sick. I hope Monsieur feels better."

"I do," I growled.

"Who is this fellow?" I whispered to my wife, who snubbed him.

"Oh, that's Monsieur Matoux, our fellow passenger from New York; you were so sick all the way over, that you did not see him, but I assure

you he was very polite and attentive to me."

"I have no doubt he was," I muttered.

"Monsieur and Madame go to Paris?" said Letoux. "I shall have the honor to accompany them!"

There was no help for it. I could not be so unmanly as to repulse polite attention, so I bowed my head in acquiescence.

We were soon on our road to Paris. I sat curled up in one corner of the railroad car, while my wife and Mr. Letoux conversed in French. Now I knew little French, while my wife spoke it like a native. I could, however, distinguish the words "Monsieur Matoux" and "Ma chere Madame," very often repeated. I did not much like it, but held my peace.

We arrived in due time at Paris, and, under the Frenchman's advice, took apartments in the Hotel Menuree.

Then followed a long weary month of sight-seeing. Oh, how tiresome it was! We visited the Lequvre, Pantheon, Catacombs, Versailles, St. Cloud—and a hundred other places I don't remember. We returned home every day tired to death.

How I wished myself home again! And my wife became more distant to me every day; it was evident she took no pleasure in my society; not a day passed but we had a violent quarrel, and not an hour passed that I did not curse our recently acquired fortune.

I ceased at last to go out at all with my wife, but my place was very well filled by Monsieur Letoux, who took her everywhere.

This eternal Frenchman was always with us—he paid assiduous court to Jane, but I did not mind it much, for in spite of all the difference between me and my wife, I had still faith in her honor. I did not believe she was vulnerable on that point.

Alas, I was grievously deceived—let me anticipate.

Before stated, things went on in this manner for more than a month, until I became perfectly disgusted with the whole affair, and would spend my whole day in Galignani's reading room, while Letoux gallanted my wife about. This became so regular that my wife never saw me till late at night, and never expected me during the daytime. It was a relief to both of us to see each other as little as possible; for now there was no sympathy between us; our thoughts, ideas, and wishes were entirely opposite. How different from our modest home in Baltimore! There we had agreed in everything, and our whole life had been one of unalloyed happiness and love! Oh fatal, fatal fortune! Why was I cursed with the possession of 10,000 a year?

One day I went to the reading-room as usual, but while there, I was taken with a violent headache. I determined to go to my hotel and go to bed.

Acting upon this idea, contrary to my usual custom, I returned home in the middle of the day.

I was just about entering my bedroom, when I heard a voice in the parlor on the same landing with the sleeping apartment.

I cautiously approached the glass door, and peeped over the green blind. O God! what did I see there—could I believe my eyes?

Yes, there was Monsieur Letoux, kneeling at my wife's feet, kissing her hand—and oh! horror of horrors she was gazing lovingly and smilingly in his face.

My brain was on fire, and my heart beat tumultuously. Her indifference I could bear, but dishonor never! I rushed into my room and seized a revolver I always carried with me when traveling. With one bound I was in the room confronting the guilty pair.

"Villain, you must die!" I exclaimed, and discharged my pistol at Letoux, the ball entered his heart, he reeled, gazed at me with a glassy stare, and fell dead at my feet.

"Now, madam, it is your turn," I exclaimed, facing my wife, "you must rejoin your vile paramour."

"Oh, mercy, Jonathan, mercy!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together.

"What! show mercy to a vile woman like you—never!"

I placed the revolver to her heart and discharged it.

She died without a groan.

My work was now finished, and I gazed stupidly around. My feelings underwent a revolution. There lay Jane, my Jane, my own dear wife, weltering in her blood, and I was her murderer! With a cry of horror, I

threw myself upon her prostrate body and lost all consciousness.

When I came to myself, I was in the hands of the gendarmes and on my road to prison.

Three months of dreary captivity followed. How shall I describe the anguish of mind I endured! My heart was broken.

One morning I was informed that my trial was to take place that day. I heard the news with utter indifference, for I cared not what became of me.

I was tried, I made no defence, and after a long investigation, a verdict of guilty of wilful murder was returned against me.

I was condemned to be guillotined in a week!

The fatal day at length dawned. The execution was to be in the Place du Trone. We left the prison at an early hour, and soon reached the fatal spot. There before me stood the hideous black guillotine, and I could see the knife glitter in the morning sun. The approach to the scaffold was surrounded by soldiers. A passage was formed between them; and I ascended the steps. An immense concourse of people filled the square, and when they saw me, a fearful cry was raised, whether of sympathy or disgust I had no means of telling.

I glanced around me for a moment, and then knelt down fervently, I rose up and prepared to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. I bared my neck, and placed my head upon the fatal niche. I heard a rustling and felt a violent shock. I opened my eyes, and a well-known voice greeted my ears:

"Now master, will you get up, and sure the coffee's cold and the mate's done to rags."

And there was Bridget, shaking me by the shoulder to awaken me.

I saw it all in a moment, I had fallen asleep over the paper, and it was all a dream. When I understood it I could fairly have hugged Bridget. I was so pleased.

I looked around, and there was my little wife in calm, placid sleep by my side. There had been no letter, no fortune, and what is still better, no murder.

Oh, how happy I was. It gave me a good lesson, and that is, contentment!

Baltimore, Jan. 15, 1857.

Christianity and Deism Contrasted.

SUPPOSE the Deist to be right, and Christianity to be a delusion: what then has the Deist gained; wherein has he the advantage? Is he happier than the Christian? No. Is he more useful in society? No. Can he meet the sorrows of life with more fortitude? No. Can he look into futurity with more composure? No.

His highest bliss arises from the indulgence of base lusts; his conscience is his daily tormentor; his social circle is a wilderness, overgrown with thorns; his life is perfect madness; and of his death it may be said, "he died as the fool dieth."

But the Christian is happy in himself, or rather in his Saviour; he is useful in his day, and as safe at least in his death as any of the children of Adam.

Suppose the Deist to be wrong, and Christianity to be true—and true it will be found—then has not the Christian the advantage? Is he not a present and eternal gainer? Yes. He has a constant supply of happiness from above—an unchanging friend in his Saviour and Redeemer, to whom he may unobscure himself freely—relief at hand amidst all his troubles—a sure foundation for the most ardent hope—and a delightful prospect beyond the grave. THE CHRISTIAN HAZARDS NOTHING; HE GAINS ALL THINGS! The Deist hazards, yes, forfeits all things, and gains nothing: while he lives, he makes himself the tool of the devil; and when he dies, he looks for annihilation, but finds damnation!

"Who is on the Lord's side?"—Reader, if you would be happy in time and safe for eternity, you must take the Bible for your guide, have God for your Father, Christ for your Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost for your Sanctifier; otherwise you live under condemnation, you will die accursed, and you will perish for ever!

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." 1 Tim. 4:8.

A carpenter's apprentice, too lazy to work, dodges it in this fashion: when he takes a notion he bumps his nose against a post till it bleeds, and then sits down to have a resting spell.

The Effort to Distract the Free State Party.

There is no question in the mind of any sensible, reflecting man, but that the main object of Gov. R. J. WALKER in coming to Kansas, is to try and divide the Free State organization, organize the pro-slavery party anew, and thus build up a dominant Democratic party, which shall be synonymous in spirit and sentiment, with the "unterrified" democracy of the States. This is WALKER's design, and one in which he feels confident of success. Conceit is generally the distinguishing characteristic of little men, and the Governor is no exception. It is well known with what a grand flourish of trumpets, and with loud enthusiasm WALKER entered Kansas. President BUCHANAN and his Cabinet were reported to have coaxed and supplicated him to assume the responsible duties of Governor of Kansas, and thus save the Union! To save the Union—a favorite hobby with WALKER—he accepted the arduous (momentous, as he calls it) task. The President gave him a carte blanche to do exactly what he pleased, he was feted in New York, toasted at St. Louis, treated at Leavenworth. His promises and pledges at first were fair and sounded sweet. But there was evidently something beneath this flowery verbiage of a venomous nature. And now this venom is working uppermost. Gov. WALKER displays it in the effort he is making to break up the Free State and pro-slavery organizations and to establish the parties of Kansas upon the basis adopted throughout the States.

This will never do. The Free State party is composed of men formerly associated with all parties—Democratic, Whig and Republican—who are here united because they are desirous of securing the Freedom of Kansas, and of redeeming the Territory from the unrighteous and God-defiant rule of usurping tyrants.

And until this is accomplished, until Kansas is admitted as a free and independent State, and every illegal and unholy authority trampled under foot, until then will there be unity and harmony in the Free State ranks, despite the efforts of Walker, and flunkey Perrin, other vassals of the present time-serving and toadyish Federal Administration.

It may be that some will be forced to sacrifice personal considerations or private prejudices and prepossessions in yielding consent to certain lines of policy that the Free State party mark out. But no true lover of Free Institutions—no unselfish, patriotic man will hesitate a moment in making the sacrifice, and in giving to the party his earnest co-operation and active support.

Acting thus, in a spirit of conciliation, and governed by a desire to advance the best interests of Kansas, let us rally under a common banner, and allow no discord or dissension to arise in our ranks. It is a melancholy fact that we can expect but little, if anything, in the way of justice from the present National Administration. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by false lights, nor permit our noble craft to fall under the pilotage of intriguing and unscrupulous demagogues. The crisis in our political affairs demand unity of action, and harmony of purpose. We must divest ourselves of all personal feeling in the matter. Take a wide, generous and comprehensive view of affairs as they really exist, and act as it behooves those who love the principles for which we have so long, as a party, labored, toiled and suffered.—Leavenworth Times.

Significant.

It is a fact, and a significant one, that Southern Kansas—meaning by that expression all south of the Kaw river—is filling up with great rapidity, and with the most thorough and out-spoken class of Free State inhabitants. At the recent Convention at Topeka, and during the session of the Legislature, the boldest and most radical measures were proposed, and advocated by the delegates and members from South Kansas. The conservatism of Kansas is north, if anywhere. Already the advance guard of our hardy pioneers are pushing well on to the southern boundary of the Territory. He who looks upon the map will appreciate the significance of these facts.—Leavenworth Times.

What does this insignificant old bachelor, Buchanan, mean when he speaks in his inaugural of "our children, and our children's children?"